

The Gallaudet Guide,

AND DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal,---Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

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The Gallaudet Guide,

AND

DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION,
Published on the First of every month, by
"THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION
OF DEAF MUTES."

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particular, but designed to contribute to the
information of all.

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For the Gallaudet Guide.

THE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN HOSTILITY.

AN IMPROMPTU EFFORT BY J. J. FLAUNOY.

Man, in this dim chrysalis of his life,
Sees but by halves,—hence nurses thought for
strife;

For Reason, clouded by the feelings warm,
Timely avoids not some long threatening storm;
And Error, like an empire in the soul
Supremely for the doom of nature hold.

Thus, still, when Brethren of a common stock,
By Satan's wiles be bound as to his rock,—
When Passion with a shivered sceptre reigns,
And soft affection's blessings are disdained
Would find, too late, a ruin and a wild:

And all, then, lost for lack of Patience mild!
Thus, when I see the squadrons of the North,
Well nigh contending,—holding sabres forth,
To rule or ruin the South's recusant host—
In wonder at the spectacle am lost;

But o'er the scene a wand of peace would wave,
To still the tumult of the impetuous brave.
Nor glad I view the Southern warrior's might,
That bold, menace the quiet Northern Light,
For Christians, like the harmless child should
pause.

Obey and cherish the eternal laws.

What, if themes call forth the myopic hate,
And Force must lead truth through revolting

gates;

Would Peace by violence founded long endure,
And Heaven such deeds approve as good and

pure?

Await new research for the purer truth.—

The laboring student honor with your ruth.

Light, Light! is wanted in this devious maze,
And mistakes brood upon the gloomy days!

Patience let reign—Age study on to find
What profound research may illumine the mind.

Near Athens, Ga. March, 1860.

SNAKE STORY. The Dayton Gazette of
the 8th inst., tells the following: A young
man, deaf and dumb, named Elvin Birch,
amused the passengers on the railroad train
from Richmond east, last Friday, by ex-
hibiting his traveling companion and pet,
a live rattlesnake, which was eighteen years
old, and he seemed delighted to receive its
embraces, permitting it to coil around his
neck. It seemed to be completely under
his control, and would permit him to open
its mouth, to show its poisonous fangs,
after which he placed it carefully in his tin
box without the least fear. It had twelve
rattles, and was about three feet in length.
He appeared to be anxious to obtain an-
other rattlesnake, and professed to be able
to pick them up in the forest and tame them,
without being the least afraid of any per-
sonal injury.

SPEECH WITHOUT WORDS.

I'll tell you a story of how I once
saved my life, entirely through having
learned the deaf and dumb alphabet:—

"There were two little boys who used
to come and stay with Frank and me,
when we were first married, and they
could neither hear nor speak.

They were deaf and dumb; they could
not talk except with their fingers—so—
only ever so much quicker.

Frank and I learned this foreign al-
phabet on purpose, that we might under-
stand what these two poor lads had to
say. They were quick and clever; they
could read and write, ay, and draw and
sew and do many other things which most
boys would make but a very bad hand
at.

They could play at draught, and back-
gammon, and chess, and at fox and
geese, as well as any boys. They could
almost see what we said, though they
could not hear, with such quick eager
eyes did they watch every movement
of our lips. We soon, however, got to
talk as easily with our fingers as our
tongues; and sometimes when the lads
were not with us, Frank and I used to
converse in that manner when alone, for
practice.

It happened upon one occasion that
he had to go to London on important
business; he was to have gone in the af-
ternoon train, but something delayed
him, so that he was not able to leave be-
fore the night-express. I was not in
very good health, and retired to my bed-
room about two hours before his de-
parture; he promised however to come
up and wish me good-by before he started,
which would be between twelve and one
o'clock in the morning. The matter
which called him away was connected
with the bank here, which had just been
burned down; and my husband, it seems,
though I did not know it at the time—so
great a secret had he endeavored to keep
—had many thousand pounds belong-
ing to the concern in his temporary pos-
session, locked up in an iron safe in our
bedroom, where the plate was kept. He
was bank manager, and responsible for
the whole of it. It was winter time,
and there was a fire in the room, so
bright and comfortable that I was in no
hurry to leave it and get into bed, but
sat up, looking into the fiery coals, and
thinking about all sorts of things; upon
the long journey Frank had to take that
night, and of how dreary the days would
seem until he returned; and in particu-
lar how lonely I should feel in that great
room all by myself, when he would be
away; for I was a dreadful coward. It
was a little after eleven o'clock when I
got into bed, but I did not feel the least
inclined for sleep even then; I knew
Frank would be coming to wish me
good-by presently; and besides, there
seemed to be all sorts of noises about
the room, which my foolish ears used to
hear, when I was alone at night.

If a little soot fell down the chim-
ney, it was I thought a great black crow
at least, which would soon be flying
about the room, and settling on my pil-
low; if a mouse squeaked in the wain-
scot, it was the creaking of some dread-
ful person's shoes, coming up stairs to
kill me with a carving knife; and if the
wind blew at the casement, it was some-
body else trying to get in at the window,
although it was two stories high. You
may imagine then, my horror when I
heard a tremendous sneeze within a quar-
ter of an inch of me, just behind the
headboard of the bed, and between that
and the wall, where there was a consid-
erable space. I had, as usual, taken the
precaution, before I put the candle out,
of looking every where in the room
where it was quite impossible any person
could be hid; but in the little alcove in-
to which the bed was pushed I had never
so much as thought of looking, although
that was a capital hiding-place for any-
body.

Ever since I had slept in that room,

in short, I had been like the ostrich, who
puts his head in the sand, and then im-
agines himself in perfect security. I had
piqued myself on precautionary measures
that after all, might just as well have
been omitted. The only thing, as I be-
lieve, which saved my reason from de-
parting altogether, when I first heard
that terrible sound, was that my mind
clung to the hope that it might be, after
all, only the sneeze of a cat. Fifty cats
together could not have made half such
a disturbance, it is true, for it was the
sneeze of a man who sneezes in spite of
himself, and almost shook the house, but
the idea sustained me over the first
shock. The next instant the wretch had
to sneeze again, and pushing aside the
bed, which rolled on castors. I felt he
was standing beside my pillow, looking
at me. If he had only given one sneeze,
he might perhaps have believed me, as
I lay quite still, breathing as regularly
as I could, and pretending to be asleep;
but he reasoned, very justly, that, unless
I was deaf or dead, I must have been
awakened by the second.

"You're awake, marin," said he in a
gruff voice, "and it's no use shamming!
If you don't want a tap with this life-
preserver, just look alive."

"I opened my eyes—exceedingly wide
at this, and beheld a man with crape
over his face, standing by the bed; he
held a sort of club with two knobs upon
it in his right hand and with his left he
pointed to the iron safe!"

"Is the money there?" said he.

"The plate is," said I, in a trembling
voice; "pray take it sir; I am sure you
are very welcome." He might have
had everything of value in the house,
with all my heart, so long as he left me
my life.

"The money—the gold—the notes—
are they there?" cried he again in a ter-
rible sort of whisper.

"It is all there," replied I, although I
knew nothing about it; "all except fif-
teen and sixpence in my purse, on the
dressing table yonder. There's a silver
mustard-pot besides in the pantry, and a
couple of candlesticks in the study, only
they are plated, for I would not deceive
you, sir, upon any account."

"You had better not," observed the
burglar grimly, "or it will be all the
worse for you."

He produced a key, like that my hus-
band used, and approached the iron safe;
but as he did so, his guilty ear caught a
footstep upon the staircase. "Who's
that?" cried he.

"My husband, sir," returned I; "but
pray don't hurt him; pray."

"Is he not gone to town, then?" cried
the ruffian, with an oath of disappoint-
ment.

"He is going at twelve o'clock," re-
plied I; "he is indeed."

"If you tell him," said the burglar
hoarsely; "if you breathe but one word
of my presence here, it will be the death-
doom of you both; he had slipped into
the alcove, and drawn back the bed
again in its place in an instant. My hus-
band entered immediately afterward,
and even while he was in the room I
heard the awful threat, repeated once
again through the thick curtain behind
me; "If you do whisper it, woman, I
will kill you where you lie. Will you
swear not to tell him?"

"I will," I said, solemnly; "I pro-
mise not to open my lips about the
matter."

Frank leaned over the pillow to kiss
me, and observed how terrified I looked.

"You have been frightening yourself
about robbers again, I suppose, you silly
child."

"Not I," returned I, as cheerfully as I
could; "I have only a little headache;"
but I said with my fingers, so that he
could plainly read it in the fire-light:
"For God's sake, hush! but there's a man
behind the bed head!"

Frank was bold as a lion, and had
nerves like iron, although he was so ten-
der-hearted and kind. He only answer-

ed "where is your sal-volatile, dearest?"
and went to the mantelpiece to get it. I
thought he never could have understood
me, he spoke with such coolness and un-
concern, until I saw his fingers reply as
he took up the bottle, "All right; don't
be afraid!" And then I was not afraid,
or at least not much, for I knew that I
should not be left for one instant in that
room alone; and I felt that my Frank
was a match for any two men in such a
cause. Only he had no weapon. "He
has a life preserver," said I, with my
fingers.

"Your fire is getting rather low,
Georgy," observed he, as he took up
the poker. (Ah, he had a weapon then.)

"I must leave you a good blaze to com-
fort you, before I go." He poked the
fire, and left the poker in, but without
ever taking his eye off me and the bell-
handle. "I will just ring the bell and
see whether Thomas has got the port-
manteau ready." Mary," continued he
to the maid that answered the bell,
"send Thomas up."

Then when she had gone upon that er-
rand, "By Jove, I never gave him that
key. Where is it, Georgy? I have
not a minute to lose. It is in your
dressing-case with the rest there, I shall
be an age in looking for it. Might I ask
you to get out of bed for an instant, and
show me where it is? Jump," and I
jumped, you may be sure, quickly enough,
and was inside the dressing-room with
the door locked, in a half a second.

"Come in Thomas, come in," said
Frank, for Thomas was modestly hesita-
ting at the chamber door. "There's
some blackguard got into the house, and
behind my bed there. If he makes the
least resistance, I'll kill him with this
hot poker."

At these words the bed was pushed
slowly outward, the burglar, without his
crape mask and with a face as pale as
ashes, emerged from his hiding place.
Frank knew him at once as a bank mes-
senger who had been turned out of his
situation upon suspicion of dishonesty.

"Oh sir, have pity upon me," he cried.

"I am an unlucky dog. If it had not
been for a sneeze I should have had ten
thousand pounds in my pocket by this
time."

"Oh, you came after that, did you?"
said my husband coolly. "Well, please
to give me that life preserver which you
have in your pocket before we have any
more conversation."

"And did your lady tell you that too?"
cried the villain in accents of astonish-
ment, as he delivered up the weapon to
the man-servant; "and yet I stood by her
yonder, and never heard her utter a syl-
lable."

"I never spoke a word," cried I,
through the dressing-room key-hole, for
I did not wish the man to think that I
had broken my oath, nor, to say the
truth, was I anxious to make a deadly
enemy of him, in case he should ever be
at large again.

"Then it's a judgment on me," ex-
claimed the miserable wretch, "and it's
no good for me to fight against it."

"It's not the least good," replied
Frank decisively; "and we will go to the
police office at once."

So off the burglar went in their cus-
tody, leaving me safe and sound after
all. And now don't you think that there
may be some use in learning everything,
even so small a thing as the deaf and
dumb alphabet?

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME.

Every man should do his best to own
a home. The first money which he can
spare ought to be invested in a dwelling,
where his family can live permanently.
Viewed as a matter of economy, that is
important, not only because he can ordi-
narily build cheaper than he can rent,
but because of the expense caused by a
frequent change of residence. A man
who in early life builds a home for him-
self and family, will save some thousands

of dollars in the course of twenty years,
besides avoiding the inconvenience and
trouble of removals. A part from this,
there is something agreeable to our bet-
ter nature in having a home that we can
call our own. It is a form of property
that is more than property. It speaks
to the heart, enlists the sentiments, and
ennobles the possessor. The associa-
tions that spring up around it, as the
birth-place of children—as the scene of
life's holiest emotions—as the sanctuary
where the spirit cherishes its purest
thoughts, are sure as all value; and
whenever their influence is exerted, the
moral sensibilities are improved and ex-
alted. The greater part of our happi-
ness of to-day is increased by the place
where we were happy on yesterday, and
that, insensibly, scenes and circumstances
gather up a store of blessedness for the
weary hours of the future! On this ac-
count, we should do all in our power to
make home attractive. Not only should
we cultivate such tempers as serve to
render its intercourse amiable and affec-
tionate, but we should strive to adorn it
with those charms which good sense and
refinement so easily impart to it. We
say easily, for there are persons who
think that a home cannot be beautified
without a considerable outlay of money.
Such people are in error. It costs little
to have a neat flower garden, and to sur-
round your dwelling with those simple
beauties which delight the eye far more
than expensive objects. If you will let
the sunshine and dew adorn your yard,
they will do more for you than any ar-
tist. Nature delights in beauty. She
loves to brighten the landscape and make
it agreeable to the eye. She hangs the
ivy around the ruin, and over the stump
of a withered tree twines the graceful
vine. A thousand arts she practices to
animate the senses and please the mind.
Follow her example, and do for yourself
what she is always laboring to do for you.
Beauty is a divine instrumentality. It
is one of God's chosen forms of power.
We never see creative energy without
something beyond mere existence, and
hence the whole universe is a teacher
and inspirer of beauty. Every man was
born to be an artist so far as the appre-
ciation and enjoyment of beauty are con-
cerned, and he robs himself of one of the
precious gifts of his being if he fails to
fulfil this beneficent purpose of his crea-
tion.—Southern Times.

A MOTHER'S VOICE.

The editor of the Cincinnati Atlas con-
cludes a notice of a visit to the Asylum
for the Deaf and Dumb at Columbus, O.
by relating the following:—

"Of one, an intelligent and modest
young lady, who had become deaf from
sickness when two years and a half old,
we inquired if she could recollect any-
thing of sounds or words. It occurred
to us that there might have been at least
one sound which might be remembered
even from that tender age, and we ven-
tured to inquire whether she had no re-
membrance of her mother's voice. It
will be long before we forget the sweet,
peculiar smile which shone upon her fea-
tures, as, by a quick inclination of the
head, she answered "yes." What a world
of thought and feeling clusters around
such a fact! In all her memory there is
but one sound, and that is her mother's
voice. For years she has dwelt in a si-
lence unbroken from without, but those
gentle tones of love still linger in her
heart. There they can never die; and
if her life should be prolonged to three-
score years and ten, o'er the long and
silent track of her life, the memory of
that voice will come, in loveliness and
beauty, reviving the soul of weary old
age with the fresh lovely sounds of her
cradle hours."

A boy of ten years, an uneducated
deaf-mute, was drowned recently, near
the dam in Augusta, Me., while fishing.

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE, AND DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION.

BOSTON, MAY, 1860.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STAPLES. Messrs. Smith and Homer wrote their arguments, and the papers were read to the Hon. Committee by a Boston gentleman engaged for that purpose.

VAGABONDISM.

We are no advocate of vagabonds, nor do we intend to say anything in their defence, yet we cannot forbear making some comments on them and on the treatment, which, as a general thing, they receive at the hands of the public at large. No class of men can date their origin farther back than they; Cain, the first malefactor in history, may also be said to have been the first vagabond; he was sentenced to wander to and fro upon the earth with a mark upon his brow, by which all men should know him. He was a wanderer against his will, and so, perhaps, are some at the present day; yet the large majority of vagabonds are such from inclination. The Newgate Calendar, the National Police Gazette, and other works of the kind, in relating the history of great criminals and their fate, do nothing more than to trace the general consequences of a vagabond life.

Vagabonds are branded by society as a good-for-nothing, lazy, thriftless set of fellows; they are hustled about, laughed at, and abused; they follow various pursuits; some with true Egyptian zeal, roam all the days of their life; others become sweeps, clam-men, pedlars, and what not. Whatever may be the influences which led them to their mode of life, it is not advisable to treat them harshly; if they cannot pay for conveyance, make them work their passage; if they ask for board or lodging, give them something to do by which they can pay therefor; do not drive them away like dogs.—Treat them like fellow men, and make all due allowance for their failings; they may have had temptations under which better men would fall.

There are few of them so blind as not to know to what evil consequences their courses lead, and probably many of them would abandon their roving life and become steady, useful members of society if their fellow men would do their duty and treat them like brothers, unfortunate and misguided, it is true, but none the less brothers for that.—We all belong to the same great family and are all children of the great Father, and should do what we can for each other.

The general sentiment towards them is 'They will suffer, but who is to blame; I pity them, and if I did not look on them as incorrigible, I would do something for their relief; I give freely to the virtuous poor, but am principled against doing anything for the vicious, &c.'

There is a vast difference between the benevolence of man and the benevolence of God; one is partial in its operation and exclusive in its character—the other embraces a universe within its arms! The voice of inspiration is, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' The luxury of doing good opens a new world to the spiritual eye!—it is the baptism of love to the religious heart; beautifully true is the sentiment of Holy Writ—'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

All should do what they can to abate the prevalence of vagabondism, but let everything be done in a spirit of kindness and with a desire to benefit the objects. Many a manly nature has been crushed and ruined because, when once fallen, no benevolent hand was stretched forth to raise it from the mire into which it was sunk; and many a noble spirit has been saved from a fearful doom and called back by the voice of kindness from the track of sin to that true wisdom whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all whose paths are peace. Afterwards, remembering the whirlpool that had well nigh engulfed him, he has shunned it with a tireless care; resisting the temptations which would lure him to his ruin, he has walked with unflinching step in the thornless track of virtue, growing strong of heart and preserving before the world an integrity unspotted and pure, treading with the step of undegraded manhood among his fellow men—honored, useful and happy.

Is it not better to treat them kindly and do what we can for their benefit, with such

a result, than to drive them away, and leave them to follow the bent of their inclination, and go still farther on the road to ruin? Such actions have their reward. 'He who converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins.'

We would call attention to the poetry on our last page, entitled 'The Silent Prayer.' The lines were written, as we are informed, some years ago, by a clergyman for a deaf-mute lady; they are very pathetic, but we think that they represent the condition of educated mutes as worse than the reality. The second line of the first verse, 'No words to ask your care,' is especially untrue. Deaf mutes can ask, in writing, or by signs, for what they want—and therefore, have words, or are able to use words. Did any one ever know a mute, educated or not who could not, in some way, express his wants? As a class, they do not feel their situation to be one of 'woe;' most of the pleasures of life are open to and enjoyed by them, except those derived from hearing, and hearing is better lost than sight; if able to read, they can share the thoughts of others in a certain degree, and if they hear not the voice of kindness, they are still sensible to and capable of appreciating kind looks and acts. The time was when deaf mutes were either outcasts or neglected; when no means had been discovered to teach them to hope for a better state of things in another world, or indeed, to better their condition in this; that time is long since passed away, and they now move amongst their more fortunate brethren, not as objects of pity or scorn, but as useful and respected members of society.

PERSONAL. George Campbell, of Bowdoinham, Me., a deaf mute, has taken up the profession of daguerreotypist. We have seen a creditable specimen of his work and wish him all success in his new occupation.

We learn that Rev. Wm. W. Turner, Principal of the American Asylum at Hartford, Conn., has gone to the South for the benefit of his health, which has been failing for some time; we are not informed who takes his place during his absence, but we understand that he intends to return and resume his duties when his health shall permit. Our best wishes follow him.

Richard S. Storrs, one of the instructors in the Asylum, also intends being absent for several months for the benefit of his health; Prof. Bartlett, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. is expected to fill the vacancy occasioned by Mr. Storrs's absence.

Levi Jack, of Dixmont, Me., who went to California two years ago, has returned in consequence of ill health; we are not informed as to the size of the pile he brings with him.

We are happy to see Mr. Smith at his old post in the Registry of Deeds. Mr. Rice, the newly elected Registrar, was sworn into office April 2d.

Mr. Smith's card of withdrawal, which was published in all the newspapers and posted up on every nook and corner of the streets, was as follows:

'To the Public.—My name having been mentioned in connection with the office of Register of Deeds, for Suffolk, I wish to notify the voters of the County that I withdraw my name from the contest and ask my friends to give their suffrages to James Rice, Esq., with whom I have been associated many years and have always found him obliging, faithful, and competent to the duties of the office.'

'Seeing the efforts of the friends of one of the candidates to slander and greatly misrepresent Mr. Rice before the public, induces me as an act of justice to withdraw from the field.'

'Boston, March 24, 1860.'

Mr. Smith gave a magnificent soiree at his residence in East Boston, on the evening of the 25th ult. in honor of the event, at which Mr. Rice and many of the most distinguished citizens of Boston and Chelsea were present.

A MUTE TYPO,—on our fourth page, says he is in search of a wife, but has not yet found one to suit him. He wants one well acquainted with patching and darning, and other items of house-keeping. We cannot believe that ladies of that class are so scarce, and are led to the conclusion that he has not extended his search very far in any direction. Perhaps some one of our readers will give him a helping hand on the road to Matrimony.

The making up of the April No. of the 'Guide' was defective in a good many points; friends will please charge this fault to the fact that the Editor was unable, from severe indisposition, to attend to his duties on the day it was put in form.

Mr. Burnet favors us with an article this month, on eminent deaf mutes previous to the time of De l'Epee; we can add only a few particulars at present, and hope such of our readers as have literary taste will send us word if they know of any which are not mentioned.

Pedro Ponce de Leon of Spain, about 1550, had considerable success in instructing deaf mutes in reading and articulation, to which two branches of instruction he seems to have principally confined himself. The pupils of Ponce—referred to by Mr Burnet, were Pedro de Velasco, a brother of the Constable of Aragon—born 1540, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, and his brother—Velasco, born 1544, an officer in the Spanish army.

De Navarrete—mentioned by Mr Burnet, was regarded as the Titian of Spain. He painted many of the finest pictures in the Escorial Palace.

Sir Edward Gostwick, magistrate, born about 1610;—Gostwick, painter; brothers, mentioned by Defoe as having obtained distinction; they were deaf from birth. The younger attained to eminence as a painter of portraits.

Miss Loggin, authoress, born about 1700; also mentioned by Defoe, who speaks of her as a miracle of wit and good nature.

Taboreux de Fontenai, born about 1730; one of the most distinguished of Pereira's pupils, master of several languages and an author.

Mr. Burnet comes down to 1700. And we have gone beyond it; De l'Epee was born in 1712, and established his first school for the deaf and dumb in 1765; this leaves a blank which we have endeavored to fill up. Will some of our readers volunteer to give us sketches of distinguished deaf mutes since the time of De l'Epee, as suggested by Mr. Burnet? There are plenty of materials to work on, from Massien of 1772, to Clerc of Hartford, Richardin and Maloieu of Paris, Carlin of New York, Phillips of New Orleans, Newsam of Philadelphia, and others of the present day.

DEAF MUTE CHRISTIAN UNION OF THE CITY OF BOSTON.—Some changes have taken place in this Society of late, Mr. J. P. Marsh having tendered his resignation as leader of the Bible Class, and the same having been accepted by the Society, Messrs. Samuel Rowe and Philo W. Packard will, for the present act as alternate leaders of the class; occasionally, one or the other of the before mentioned gentlemen will give an address on some religious topic, and on Sabbath when no sermon is preached, the exercises will consist of a lesson in which questions and answers are asked and received on some interesting subject in the Bible.

Some fears were expressed that the Bible Class would be dissolved, or at least greatly weakened, by the withdrawal of Mr. Marsh; but they were not well founded, for it bids fair to flourish as much as ever.

The Friday evening prayer-meetings are well attended, and the exercises are interesting; the meetings of the debating Club, on Wednesday evenings, seem to have imparted a stimulus to the intellects of those who attend, and have done something to expand their ideas; the Social Meetings which take the place of those of the Club, when no subject is up for discussion, have a tendency to make the mutes more intimately acquainted with each other, and also offer an opportunity for the exertion of influence over each other, an influence which, let us hope, will be exerted for the good of the whole.

The bringing together of deaf-mutes on Sundays for religious improvement, and on week days for intellectual and social enjoyment, is a thing to be approved of, whenever it can conveniently be done.

We opine that all the arguments which can be brought to bear on the subject will never prevent the deaf and dumb of our large cities and towns from associating with each other and assembling together with some object in view; if the object be good, no one has a right to say anything against it; if it be bad, it is better for those who know the facts, to devise some better and more attractive means of enjoyment for them, and thus draw them away from their evil courses than it is to scold and reprove them whenever and wherever they chance to meet them, or what is worse, to treat them coldly, and

show by looks and actions, if not by words, that they do not wish to have anything to do with them. We have seen many instances of this kind and never knew any other result than a confirmation of the then existing evil, and an addition of others.

Livingston, N. J., April, 1860.

EDITOR OF THE GALLAUDET GUIDE.—Would not it be well to give in your paper brief biographical notices of distinguished deaf-mutes of former times? The list of those mentioned in History before the time of De l'Epee is singularly short. Dr. Kitto remarks that while in the effort of recollection, the names of a crowd of blind poets, philosophers, scholars, rush upon the mind, the records of eminent deaf men present an almost total blank down to a very recent period. This cannot be wholly, because the possibility of educating deaf mutes is a very modern discovery, for surely these must have been in all ages, since the invention of letters, examples of deaf men or semi-mutes, who loved books, and made respectable advances in science. Why it is that no such cases, so far as I know, were recorded till quite recently, is a difficult question. I can only account for it by the reserved and retiring habits of deaf men, whence it probably arose that men might be known as scholars and writers without any one except a very few intimate friends being aware of their deafness, as it is not like blindness, obvious at first sight. A man may walk abroad—retire to his closet, and send forth his works, without it being generally known that he was deaf. Surely John Kitto, D. D. of England, born about 1704, and deceased at the age of about 50, was not the first prose writer of merit who was totally deaf, nor James Nack of New York, yet living at the age of fifty-one the first poet.

Perhaps some of your readers can mention more, but I am unable to name more than half a dozen deaf mutes who are mentioned in History before the time of L'Epee.

1. The deaf and dumb son of Croesus, King of Lydia; conquered by Cyrus, about 500 B. C. We are told that this youth suddenly recovered his speech when he saw a soldier about to kill his father, and cried, 'save the king.' This sudden recovery of speech has caused the story to be regarded as fabulous; but Dr. Kitto supposes the case might have been like that of the young man of Chartres mentioned by Buffon; who after recovering his hearing, kept the fact to himself, listening to others, and practicing in private till at length he suddenly surprised his friends by speaking. If the son of Croesus was born deaf, but had recovered hearing, and privately practised speech for some time before the sight of his father's danger caused him to throw off his reserve, the story becomes quite probable and interesting.

2. Quintus Pedius, deaf mute from birth, and a relative of Julius and Augustus Caesar, is mentioned by Pliny among the most eminent painters of Rome, about the beginning of the Christian Era.

3. The boy whom Bishop John in the seventh century taught to speak, as related by the venerable Bede.

4. Juan Fernandez Navarrete, surnamed El Mudo, a distinguished painter who enjoyed the favor of Philip the Second of Spain, in the sixteenth century.

5. The Prince of Carignano, of the House of Savoy, in the latter part of the 17th century. This prince was a pupil of Carion, the third teacher of deaf mutes, (successor to Ponce and Bonet.) He was of that collateral branch of the House of Savoy which has since succeeded to the Sardinian throne, on the failure of the elder branch. I think, but am not certain, that this deaf mute prince was the direct ancestor of the present heroic king of Sardinia. DeFoe

says of him that he was an able statesman, and read and wrote five or six languages.

Add to these the pupils of Bonse and Ponet, of the great Spanish family of Velasco, and the list of distinguished deaf mutes, so far as I know, is complete down to the year 1700. Since the dawning of a brighter day for the deaf and dumb, the number of distinguished deaf mutes has greatly increased. If some one will undertake to furnish sketches of some of them, I will from time to time, add my mite of information.

J. R. B.

[A fuller account of Nos. 2, 3 and 4, may be found in Dr. Peet's memoir on the origin and Early History of the Art of Deaf Mute Instruction.]

For the Gallaudet Guide.

The Tattler.

LETTER III.

MR. EDITOR:—It is likely that of the Tattler will be expected something nonsensical or, perhaps, humorous for the columns of the 'Guide.' Our gentle readers—may their shadows never be less!—will here find him, it is feared, tattling quite as solemnly as an owl screeching gibberish to the moon.

The sad destruction of Pompeii, of which I gave a brief account in the preceding letter, and the annihilation of the ancient cities made me contemplate pensively the causes of their downfall, which I had traced.

My Dutch rocking-chair rocked nervously, full of virtuous indignation at the wanton vandalism of their foreign devastators, and exclaimed, by signs made by its black-walnut arms—'What! how could the barbarians be so blind to the peerless beauty of such temples, as those of Luxor and Carnac,—as those gracing the Athenian Acropolis,—as those which were indeed the 'Glories of the Syrian desert,'—as those of proud Ninevah and of Babylon, famous for her hanging gardens? How could the Romans, themselves lovers of Architecture, have the heart to raze to the ground the second Temple at Jerusalem,—a structure that far surpassed them all in architectural beauty and magnitude, and that reared itself, with one thousand four hundred and fifty Corinthian columns of Parian marble, pile upon pile around, up to the height of one thousand two hundred feet?'

'One thousand two hundred feet high, eh?' asked the Tattler, admiring the honest enthusiasm of the chair.

'Yes, 'tis a historical fact. Tacitus and Josephus say so,' answered the furniture.

Indeed, Mr. Editor, you and your Yankee readers can have a good idea of the almost fabulous height of this Hebrew temple by piling one above another more than five Bunker Hill Monuments!

'But where are its numberless columns, pilasters and blocks of marble which were of dimensions so great as to defy pulverization?' inquired the Tattler.

'This I cannot answer with certainty,' replied the chair,—'but there is much reason to believe that a considerable portion of such as were found uninjured, was carried to various countries, to build mosques, seraglios and other edifices; and the remainder, in all probability, lies buried in the vallies about Jerusalem.'

'My dear chair,' said the Tattler, 'even though its extraordinary beauty and magnificence of execution might possibly arrest the hands of vandals, you cannot overlook the true cause of its destruction,—a doom it so richly deserved.'

'I know it was because the Jews nailed to the cross the One, whom none could touch with impunity; but the structure itself—a mere pile of stone, void of understanding or feeling—was by no means responsible for the sins of its priests and their misguided people.'

"This is true, I admit," answered the Tattler. "It must, however, be borne in mind, that no beautiful object, once polluted, can still be beautiful in the eyes of an offended God, and therefore must perish. Thus, by idolatry, temples perished most miserably, though, by reason of solid masonry, several of their columns and a portion of their walls, sadly mutilated as they are, still stand in all their solemn grandeur; by licentiousness and effeminacy of the potentates, gorgeous palaces perished; by indolence and depravity of the inhabitants, cities were blotted out of existence."

"Pompeii," observed the chair, "and Herculaneum were not so." "Oh no!" exclaimed its friend. "They were buried—only to be disinterred, to preach, as it were, a moral lesson to all civil governments, present and future."

"I infer that modern cities are not a whit behind the ancient in moral depravity."

"As fruits, beautiful to look upon, are often found rotten at the core, so cities, blessed with fine, costly edifices and noble institutions, are not always free from corruption in their municipal governments, and are often quite contaminated with the atmosphere of vice," said the Tattler.

After some minutes of silence, the worthy Rocking Chair remarked, perhaps with truth;—"I don't understand why men, utterly unfit for their new duties, should be elected or appointed to govern civil as well as charitable corporations."

"They are generally elected through Demagoguism, or appointed through favoritism," replied the Tattler, "ill-fitted to attend to their offices, they have a natural aptitude to mismanage what is committed to their charge. But, allow me to say with candor, many of them, in private life, are respectable, and even pure-minded."

"If they are really respectable, why do they accept offices, the functions of which their hearts tell them they have not the least capacity to perform?" asked the chair.

"Perhaps it is because their heads are turned by flattery or self-assurance, and think they can learn the business, and will in due time become first rate; and with this false impression they stalk upon stilts (of conceit) into their respective offices," suggested the Tattler.

"Most likely," nodded the chair.

"And they pocket fat salaries,"

"Indeed," nodded the chair again.

Here the Rocking Chair and its bosom-friend fell into a reverie: the former on the beauty of its lamented Preacher—Chairmaker's character, and the latter on the inefficiency of all office-holders of this class.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

P. S. Since the above was written, the April Number came to hand and received my perusal. The Rocking Chair, looking over my shoulders, read the articles of your two correspondents in reference to the "scheme" of our worthy friend, Mr. Amos Smith Jr. "My dear Tattler," said the chair, preserving its Dutch gravity, "I see there's a storm brewing in a tea-pot. It will ere long rain cats and dogs in the editor's sanctum. Poor Amos is done brown. But I reckon he has so much spunk in his veins, that he will come up to the scratch in good time, and give them a true ring of his metal."

I smiled approvingly, and asked my friend if it was proper to eat a fine-looking pear, found rotten at its core.

"No, no!" it answered.

THE TATTLER.

New York, April, 1860.

For the Guide.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you allow me to explain to the readers of the Gallaudet Guide, and especially your intelligent correspondent Reynard, the motive which induced me to write the article on mute vagrancy for insertion in the "American Annals?" It was beyond doubt that the Instructors did not know to what extent mute vagrancy prevailed; accordingly I presented to them the facts and considerations, already put forth, with the hope that they would warn their pupils against exposing themselves to this charge.

But your correspondent differs with

me: his defence of the vagrants does honor to the goodness of his heart, but if to beg money; to live upon the sympathies of others; to despise labor, contrary to the great law, which, if transgressed, inclines us altogether to evil,—“In the sweat of thy brow, thou shalt eat bread;” if to be guilty of these things is wrong in any, surely the educated mute cannot be exempt from censure.

"Who is a vagrant or vagabond? It is he that wanders in idleness, living on the labor of others. Now let me cite here some lines, which I have been pleased to find in Shakspeare.—

"This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lacqueying the varying tide."

If to make them behave themselves, and hinder their idle hands from begging, can be accomplished by any influence of mine, I shall lose no opportunity to exert such influence.

"Is selling the alphabet vagrancy?" Yes, certainly. Whoever wishes to sell it as a business, will have not only to rent a room, but also to get a license. That there is vagabondism among every other class of society is certain. But does any person respect such?

Of the responsibility of the teachers for the education of their pupils and their habits in after life, I propose to say nothing, as it would be useless to do so. Let them alone. In regard to the salaries of deaf mute teachers, allow me to say a few words. When we know that they, although active and faithful instructors, work harder than the hearing for less remuneration; whereas, the latter, who are not, as a body, good sign-makers, do not work so hard for much larger compensation, is it not astonishing to see the former so submissive? Our amazement is increased, when we know that they continue to be dissatisfied with their respective positions, instead of sending their resignations in at once. Perhaps they opine that teaching is the most honorable and enviable of all professions. In this case, we cannot concur in their opinion. They say that they could make more money in some other way, yet they will never resign for that purpose. I will now tell you a case. If a mule is placed between two stacks of hay, which will of course affect his senses equally on each side, and tempt him in the same degree, will it be possible for him to eat of either? We say he may starve in the midst of plenty, as he has not determined to eat of one or the other, for the hay on either side strikes his sight and smell in the same proportion, thus keeping him in perplexing suspense. Thus it is with the teachers. But to return to vagrancy. I would most respectfully call Reynard's attention to the following extract from one of the letters of the Hon. Amelia M. Murray of England, written from this country some years since.

"An awful fact for the dissolute or the idle youth must be stated—that even when the check of public opinion and love of approbation induce self-control and moral conduct during middle age, if there has not been laid in early life a foundation of principle and good habits, the consequences of early profligacy show themselves in a return to vicious acts, as mental power wanes with added years, and the hoary sinner goes to his grave in sin and misery—so the end of that man is worse than his beginning." It will be so with any one who may lounge with the alphabet under his arm.

Mr. Editor, let me tell you how glad I am to know that we have an organ of our own. Any of the readers of your useful paper, who has read the life and adventures of Robinson Crusoe, will recollect the state of joy and gratitude, into which he was thrown, shortly after his return to England from his solitary island, on receiving very good accounts from the old captain, of the prosperity of his Brazilian plantations. He says, "In

a word, I turned pale, and grew sick; and had not the old man run and fetched me a cordial, I believe the sudden surprise of joy had overpowered my nature, and I had died on the spot." Truly I felt something of this joyful surprise on receiving the first number of the "Guide," for two reasons—first, many mutes will read it with peculiar interest, as it is published for themselves, and thereby expand their minds, and secondly, from the pleasure I expect to derive from the perusal of its pages, and the pride I take in the elevation of the class, to which I myself belong.

H. M. CHAMBERLAYNE.
Montrose, near Richmond, Va., April 1860.

For the Gallaudet Guide.

Trip to Mackinac.

MR. EDITOR:—Having noticed an allusion to the Island of Mackinac, in a recent number of the Guide, I send some particulars of my visit to that place, hoping that they may not be entirely wanting in interest to your readers, as they supply a link omitted in your correspondent's "Trip to Lake Superior!" Thursday morning, Aug. 19th, I left Chicago on a propeller for a trip down the lakes. We made a short call at Racine, a beautiful and flourishing city, built on an elevation about fifty feet above the lake. It is the second city in population and commerce in the State of Wisconsin.

We also stopped at Milwaukee, a handsome city of about 35,000 inhabitants, whose site twenty years ago was a wilderness. Its educational and benevolent institutions; its well-arranged hotels and large business blocks; its extensive manufacturing establishments; its railroads and its thirty churches speak encouragingly for its future.

The next day the Wisconsin shore became less and less distinct until its dim, blue outline could no longer be traced; and for the first time in my life, I was out of sight of land, "without a mark without a bound." But in a few hours, the bluff, sandy shore of Michigan, some thirty miles distant, began to be visible.

Late in the afternoon, we drew near a singularly shaped headland, three or four hundred feet in height, upon whose top there is a mass of earth, whose form suggests at once its name, the "Sleeping Bear." To our left were the Manitou Islands, which the Indians have always regarded with awe as the residence of the Great Spirit. Here the sun bade us good night, with a face so red that the tell-tale clouds and even the waves proclaimed his crimson blushes.

Slowly and silently light drew her dark mantle around the spirit island, and nature seemed to become a devout worshiper at the shrine of Manitou. The larger of the Manitou Islands contains 13,000 or 14,000 acres of land, and both are inhabited by a few families whose principal employment is wood cutting and fishing.

Washington Light House marks the entrance to the Straits of Mackinac. The sound of the steam-whistle met with a ready response from the occupant by the ringing of the bell. The old man, far from the hum of business and politics, then appeared, swinging his hat, which was answered by cheers from the boat. We glided rapidly by his isolated home, and left him to enjoy the grand tunes so often played by those world-renowned musicians, wind and wave.

Upon the main land, on the south side of the Strait, which is here five miles wide, is old Fort Mackinac, erected by the French, and for many years, the headquarters of traders. It came into the possession of the English, when the French surrendered Canada. At this place an English garrison was massacred by the Indians, in 1763. It is now a stopping point where the necessary supplies of wood may be obtained from the only family living at the old Fort. The next year after the massacre, the Eng-

lish settled an island ten miles northeast, in the middle of the strait, which is there twenty miles wide. The strait and island bear the same name, formerly written Michilimackinac, now Mackinaw, or more frequently, on the Island, Mackinac. This name is I believe, derived from an Indian word meaning Great Turtle, but the U. S. Interpreter, who lives on the Island, a brother-in-law of Schoolcraft, asserts that it is from another word somewhat similar, signifying Giant Fairy, or Great Spirit. The Indians used to avoid the Island or if they approached it, they were in the habit of leaving an offering of tobacco upon the rocks, to propitiate the Great Fairy and secure favorable winds.

The town, numbering eight or nine hundred inhabitants of all shades and colors, is on the East side of the Island and extends along the shore for nearly a mile. It contains two churches, three schools, several hotels, and ten or twelve stores. The chief occupation of the people in summer is fishing; in winter sleigh riding, or some say, stealing government timber. Perched upon the cliff, 200 feet above the water is Fort Mackinac, overlooking the picturesque town, the southern and eastern parts of the strait, Round and Bois Blanc Islands and the main land in the distance. There is a small garrison stationed in the Fort during most of the year, to keep it in repair. A quarter of a mile west are the remains of Fort Holmes, situated on the highest point of land, at an elevation of 320 feet.

The Island was surrendered to the Americans in 1794. In 1812 the garrison, not knowing that war had been declared, as lightning had not then been trained to run on errands, were early one morning, alarmed by the whistling of a cannon ball over their heads, followed immediately by a summons to surrender. The English had landed on the west side of the Island in the night, and drawn two cannon within a few hundred yards of the garrison. After obtaining possession of Fort Mackinac, fearing that an effort would be made by the Americans to retake it, they built in the rear, Fort Holmes, commanding a view of the entire strait, and held it until 1814, when the Island was restored to the American Government by treaty.

The appearance of the whole Island is more fairy-like than real. The roads in the town, and those winding in all directions through the groves to the various places of interest, have been macadamized by nature. No mud dims the polish of boots, nor do mosquitoes intrude, by unceremoniously presenting their bills. The scenery includes the grand, as well as the beautiful. Among the objects worthy of attention, are "Lover's Leap," "Devil's Kitchen," "Sugar Loaf" and "Arched Rock."

"Sugar Loaf" is in a beautiful valley. On one side, its perpendicular height is almost 80 feet, while the top slopes so that the other is not more than forty. Around the base, it cannot be far from 90 feet. In this rock, on the north side, 12 feet from the ground, is a room of considerable size. By careful climbing the summit may be reached, but I can affirm that it requires much greater care to reach the ground again in safety.

"Arched Rock" is probably the greatest curiosity on the Island. It is on the eastern shore, where the cliffs rise to the height of 130 feet. The denuding action of the water, when nearly on a level, must have produced this phenomenon. A large mass of rock has fallen out of the limestone cliff and tumbled into the lake, leaving a frail arch, 35 feet in length, spanning the top. As the visitor approaches on the Island, he first discovers a large opening, through which he looks upon the dark blue waters below. He draws nearer, and sees in front of the opening a large yawning space, into which he descends until he stands under the main arch, some 60 or 70 feet below

it. Large fragments of rock prevent his farther progress towards the water in a direct course; but to his right, under the southern abutment, is a low arched way through which, passing over heaps of loose debris, he can go down to the lake.

The pure bracing air and fine scenery induce pleasure seekers and invalids to resort to this Island in large numbers during the hot season. Sailing, fishing, and long rambles over the old weather beaten cliffs, soon produce a keen appetite for the white fish, Mackinaw trout and wild ducks, so abundant in the vicinity.

A man who lives on the Island wrote an interesting letter to an Eastern paper, some time ago, representing himself as a traveller on the Upper Lakes. He alluded, to the Indian tradition, that there is a cave extending far beneath the Island; and also stated that a fearful storm had recently displaced some rocks near the fort, revealing the entrance to this cave, thus proving, the truth of the tradition. In a few weeks crowds of visitors began to come in, on tip-toe with excitement, to see the wonderful phenomenon. Among them was a foreigner, with a letter of introduction to the U. S. Custom House Officer; after talking awhile he requested that a guide might be procured to show him the cave. The officer told him that there was no such cave. "Tut, tut," said he, and thrusting his hand into a capacious pocket, he pulled out a newspaper, and pointed to the pretended traveller's letter. It was with difficulty that Uncle Sam's official could convince the gentleman that the whole thing was a hoax. Some, and those whom we should least expect, were apparently very much annoyed by the frequent calls for guides; but the golden harvest was a god-send that doubtless more than compensated them for all their trouble.

Having passed four or five days on the Island, I left on board the Propeller Milwaukee. The following night she encountered a severe storm, in Saginaw Bay on Lake Huron. The captain finding her difficult to manage against a furious head wind, which caused the water to dash over her in fine style, concluded to put about and let her drive; but the violent motion as she came round into the trough of the sea, occasioned fearful apprehensions among the passengers, that she would capsize. The long looked for day at last dawned, and we found that we were not as near home as we were the evening before.

The scenery on the St. Clair in the vicinity of Port Huron, the Canada side, cannot be surpassed in real beauty even by the far-famed Hudson.

The great inland lakes have been called, since the arrival of boats at Liverpool, direct from Chicago, the "Mediterranean of America," and Chicago the "Alexandria of modern times." This long chain of navigation not only reaches Chicago, but extends to the west end of Superior, the queen of the lakes. The St. Paul Advertiser paints the glorious future of Superior City in brilliant colors. Some time last year it said!

"Here, at the uttermost limit of ship navigation, the town of Superior, some two years old, and containing not more than a thousand inhabitants, is slowly rising on the shores of the queen lake, from the sombre woods that surround it, to meet the majestic destiny that is creeping with slow pace up the St. Lawrence and through the lakes toward her to cast the commerce of the ocean at her feet and crown her with a diadem of ocean pearls."

And now I call upon young men and fair maidens, old bachelors, and antiquated ladies to take a trip to Mackinac. While there, walk, run, and jump; laugh, sing, and shout; and if it does not do them good physically, mentally and morally, then say that I am no prophet.

R. H. K.

THE SILENT PRAYER.

I have no tongue to tell my woe,
No words to ask your care,
Cut off as by a two-fold blow
From pleasure those around me know,
My lot is lonely here below,
O, hear my silent prayer.

I dwell in silence, not a thought,
Can I with others share,
Ye love the voice with kindness fraught,
And know the solace it hath brought,
Think that to me its tone is naught,
And hear my silent prayer.

Neglected I must outcast prove
A prey to every snare,
Then let my wants your pity move,
To teach me of a Savior's love,
And guide my soul to joys above;
This is my silent prayer.

Tell of that world where God is king,
No deaf, no dumb are there;
In eura unstopped sweet anthems ring
While heart and voice their offerings bring,
And unobscured tongues His praises sing,
Who hears my silent prayer.

For the Guide.

MR. EDITOR.—While on a visit to a deaf and dumb lady the other evening, her father lent me a copy of the "Christian Chronicle," the organ of the Baptist Church, published weekly in this city (Philadelphia.) Pointing to an article under the caption of "A Paragraph for the Ladies," he asked me to copy it for insertion in your paper, for the benefit of the fair readers of the Guide:—

"A PARAGRAPH FOR THE LADIES."

Most of our fair friends have a decided aversion to that part of their duty which falls under the 'patching and darning denomination.' They are of opinion that 'a rent may be the accident of a day, but a darn is premeditated poverty!' But if they only knew how pretty a well-executed piece of repairs looks, when you see in its warp and woof the bright threads of economy and independence and womanly thrift, crossing and re-crossing one another, they would lay aside embroideries and crochet work, and take up instead, the mending-basket.

We rode down town the other day, when the only other occupants of the stage were a young gentleman and a lovely girl of, we should think, about eighteen. She was the prettiest, freshest looking girl one would want to see—there were not tell-tale traces of midnight parties and head-ache mornings in those peach-blossom cheeks and clear, bright eyes, and all the numberless little items of her dress were as fresh and trim as she herself—from the pink bonnet-strings down to the neatly fitting gloves and delicate gaiter-boots. If we had been an old bachelor—or a young one, either—we should most certainly have fallen in love with that girl, particularly after we had discovered that she was as industrious as pretty.

And how do you suppose we found it out?

The handkerchief that lay in her lap told us so. The neat little darn, elaborately executed, in its corner, with the small white stitches and skillful handiwork, had a tongue quite audible to our ears. Time and patience, and wise economy had been there. The gentleman sitting opposite saw the little token also; we noticed his eyes turning from the handkerchief to the blooming face, and back to the handkerchief again, and we knew perfectly well that he was thinking of—the good wife that young lady would make, and how neat her husband's cravats and stockings would be! Poor fellow, the edges of his shirt-bosom were a little frayed, and one or two buttons were missing, a defection which the most skillful arrangement of his cravat ends could not conceal. Perhaps he had a wife who didn't believe in mending and darning—perhaps he had none at all. However that may have been, his admiring eyes appreciated the darn on that handkerchief more than if it had been the richest and most sight-destroying embroidery—not for what it was, but for what it betokened.

Girls! don't shrink from a mended place as if it were a plague-spot; the longer your old things last, the better able you will be to have new ones by-and-by. Sensible people read your character in little things; and nobody will think the worse of you, whatever may be your wealth or station in life, for the exercise of economy and thrift. A stitch in time saves nine, and sometimes it saves a great deal more than that.—*Life Illustrated.*

Now, Mr. Editor, allow me to make a few remarks in relation to the foregoing article. I am, indeed, an admirer of such ladies as believe in mending and darning, for they will most certainly save themselves and their husbands unnecessary expense, which generally leads to debt and bankruptcy. I would advise every young man who is or may be in need of a good wife, to be particular to select one of those ladies who understand mending and darning, and also every item of house-wifery. I confess that I have been looking for a good wife, but without finding one to suit me as yet. I hope that the fair readers of the "Guide" will not shrink from that part of their duty which falls under the "patching and darning denomination."

I have a deaf sister how understands almost every item of house-wifery, including mending and darning, &c. She has been married for nearly four years, and her husband is a shoemaker by trade; both are generally in very comfortable circumstances. She has proved to be frugal and economical in her habits, and is very particular about her household duties.

It is to be hoped that the lady readers of your paper will not neglect to learn and practice every item of house-wifery, and make themselves useful in every thing, little or great.

A MUTE TYPO.

PHILADELPHIA, March 15th, 1860.

A FIX.

A person who wants to laugh, but cannot, is in a fix. A bad fix, surely, besides being a sober one. And then, what a sober time he must have had, while getting fixed; to live so long without laughing as to lose the power to laugh. And, as if this fix was not sufficiently fixed, his risible muscles have been so long without exercise, that they have nearly lost the art of contraction. And now, still farther to fix the unpleasantness of his fix, when he would like to cultivate a mirthful spirit, he is compelled against his will to wear a long face. A sad warning to all laughing-lovers, and those troubled with the blues, if they would avoid a similar fix, to be careful how they indulge their sober fancies.

Some wise Sancho has said, Blessed be he who first invented sleep. With equal wisdom he might have added, Blessed be he who first invented laughing. For the latter is as necessary for our quiet and happiness as the former. Laughing promotes kindness and good nature. It puts one on good terms with himself "and the rest of mankind," and eases off the sharp corners of the troubles and disappointments incident to our occupancy of this world. It promotes a good digestion and all other physiological functions, and, consequently, health and long life. All conditions of life are improved by laughing. Mrs. Stow puts into the mouth of old Tiff, when his apology for a carriage broke down, on the way to camp meeting, "ho! ho! ho! who would have thought it." This is the true philosophy.

In order to have laughing produce its best influence it must come naturally—it must laugh itself. A forced laugh is no laugh at all. A person should laugh because he loves to. The laugh should be in him, and should come out, spontaneous, like the laugh of a child. This love of laughing should be cherished. We, Americans, take hold of our business pursuits with much more earnestness than any other people in the world, and therefore there is the greater need, when we leave our business, of throwing off its cares and anxieties and giving ourselves up to the laugh and abandon of the child. This is the true antidote to labor, either of muscle or mind; and steadily followed, will largely add to our enjoyment and prevent many a call for a physician.—*May-Flower.*

SELFISHNESS.

God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air,—upon the breeze that rocks that flower on its stem,—upon the raindrop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert,—upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its deep chambers,—upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers millions of crea-

tures that live in his light,—upon all his works he has written:—"none of us liveth to himself." And probably were we wise enough to understand these words, we should find that there is nothing—from the cold store in the earth, of the minutest creature, to the flowers—which may not, in some way, minister to the happiness of some living creature. We admire and praise that flower that best answers the end for which it was created, and bestows the most pleasure. We value and prize that horse, which best answers the end for which he was created; and the tree that bears fruits the most rich and abundant. The star that is the most useful in the heavens is the star which we admire the most.

Now is it not reasonable, that man, to whom the whole creation, from the flower up to the spangled heavens, all minister—man who has the power of conferring deeper misery or higher happiness than any other being on earth—than, who can act like God if he will—is it not reasonable that he should live for the noble end of living, not for himself but for others?—*Hints to Young Men by the Rev. John Todd.*

ABSURDITIES.—To rise early on a cold morning when you have nothing to do.

Not to go to bed when you are sleepy, because it is not a certain hour.

To stand in water to your knees, fishing for trout, when you can buy them in a clean dry market.

To travel in a foreign country, while ignorant of the history, constitution and manners of your own.

To salute your most intimate friend when he is walking with any great man.

To think every one a man of spirit who fights a duel.

The daughters of farmers playing on the piano-forte and reading French novels.

To give advice to, or argue with a fool.

NIGHT.

Night is a great institution. We have a sincere liking for it. In fact, we hardly know how the world would get along without it. To be sure, mankind might have been so constituted as to live without sleep, but those who look upon Night as merely a time for rest, take a very narrow view of the subject. Just look at it for a moment. If Night were abolished, Mankind, the Yankee portion especially, would pursue the "Almighty Dollar" so incessantly that no time would be left for the cultivation of social and friendly feelings. Such are now too much neglected, and if Night never came to put an end to labor, man would work on till he would become a mere money making machine, with the "Dollar" for his sole end and aim. But, fortunately for us, Night is a fact, and one not to be overlooked, and when it comes, man must leave his work and return to his home, if he is so fortunate as to have a home, or to his boarding house if he hasn't, and there mingle with his fellow creatures and in social converse and enjoyment rub off some of the roughness which has gathered about him in the world of business, and forget, for a while, the cares which harassed him during the day.

Then there is another thing to be considered. "Night is the time for fun." Who could enjoy a quilting-frolic, or an apple-bee, or a huckling in the daytime? They would be as dull as a razor made to sell and as flat as an awkward skater feels, when he suddenly finds himself trying to break a hole through the ice with the back of his head. No, Night is the proper and natural time for all these things, and, consequently, if Night had never been, we should never have known these pleasures, or if it were abolished, we should be obliged to forego all such enjoyments or make an artificial Night for ourselves.

Then again—If there were no Night, there could be no Moonlight; and what would become of the tribe of small poets and magazine writers, in that case? One great branch of their occupation would be gone, though it is doubtful whether the world would lose much if the whole tribe should become extinct.

But moonlight is even more important to that great army to which the whole world has belonged for will belong—Lovers.—What would they do without it? What man is bold enough to go in broad daylight and "pop the question"? and what maiden would dare to "acknowledge the corn" without the friendly "mask of night" to hide her blushes? It couldn't be done.

Another thing. Who would not prefer a moonlight walk to one by daylight, especially if accompanied by a fair friend? Why, there's no comparison between the two. For riding, sailing, skating, walking, talking and above all, *sparking* and in fact for everything but working, moonlight and therefore Night, is as much better than Day as O. W. Holmes' writings are better than those of the most trashy story writers. So let us all join in saying, a blessing on Night for she brings a multitude of pleasures in her train.—*May-Flower.*

"I know," said a little girl, "why the sun sets every night. It is to hatch out little stars."

A SKETCH.

Some time in the month of May, 1775,—a year memorable in our nation's history, and most emphatically worthy of perpetual remembrance in the annals of Boston,—the year when the town was subjected to all the miseries and inconveniences which Gage, the supple tool of a despotic idiot who sat upon the British throne, could inflict,—when many of the inhabitants left their business and their homes to find a refuge from his tyranny, and many others were driven by poverty and destitution to seek employment and food, wherever they could be procured,—in that month of May, and probably in the early part of it, a mechanic, a mason by trade, more fortunate than some of his neighbors, succeeded in escaping from the beleaguered town. With his wife and seven or eight children, and such articles of household furniture as he was permitted to take away, after it had been examined by the British officers, whose pleasure it was to perform such humane and becoming service, he crossed Charles River, by the ferry boat, and landed his precious fare safely in Charlestown,—although the boat came near sinking during the passage, the water frequently rising over its side. He went forth like the old patriarch, not knowing exactly whither. After getting his family and his household stuff safely on land, he procured a wagon, into which his goods were packed, the mother and her daughters being disposed of among beds and other furniture, himself driving the team and the boys travelling on foot. After several days of journeying, they pitched their tent at Amherst, in New Hampshire.

The man thus exiled from his native town, his business, his friends, and his home, was William Homer. His first care, after obtaining a shelter for his wife and children, was to provide for their sustenance. The season for planting corn and potatoes not having passed, he hired a field and stocked it with those and other vegetables. By cultivating these, and by the labor of himself and his sons, he managed to secure the necessities of life. It will be recollected that the battle of Bunker Hill was fought on the 17th of June of that year; it will also be recollected that information between distant parts of New England was not then transmitted with the speed of lightning, as now, by an electric telegraph, and the intelligence of that event did not reach Amherst till some time after its occurrence. On the eighteenth of August, two months after the death of General Warren, the family of Mr. Homer was augmented by the birth of a son, who as a token of remembrance of the fate of the patriot and hero, was baptized by the name of Joseph Warren. In April or May, 1776,—the British troops in the mean time having evacuated the town,—Mr. Homer returned with his family to Boston,—and renewed the practice of his trade—a profession which had been followed by his father and grandfather.

JOSEPH WARREN HOMER, the child born to Amherst, as stated in the preceding paragraph, went through the customary course of instruction at the Boston schools, learned of his father the trade of a mason, followed that occupation a number of years, and became the head of a family, which he, in his turn, supported and educated by his industry and economy. In the year 1809 he was appointed to a responsible station in the Boston Custom House, which he held till 1833,—a period of twenty-seven years,—under the administration of four Presidents. It must be admitted that Mr. Homer must have exercised talents remarkably appropriate to the fulfillment of the duties and responsibilities of the office to have retained it for such a length of time, when rotation in office was expected (and still is) at the commencement of every new administration, and even more frequently, a scramble for employment in the public service and changes are continually taking place. The truth is, I presume, that Mr. Homer was so 'dear in office,' and executed its requirements with so much integrity and fairness that no one thought of disturbing him in the possession of it. During the last sixty years the scenery of the political theatre has been frequently changed; though it is not to be supposed that Mr. Homer has been an uninterested spectator of the changes, yet it is not supposed that he has been busy as one of the scene-shifters. He has not made himself conspicuous as a 'reformer,' but has lived a calm and quiet life, apparently contented with what he had and wishing for no more.

Mr. Homer has withdrawn from all participation in the bustle of business; but he may be seen almost any pleasant day, about the middle of it, in State street. His walk is not quite so sprightly as it was in 1807, when he commanded a military company, and marched to the inspiring music of the fife and drum, but it indicates the firmness which old age derives from youth and manhood passed in the habits of industry and sobriety.

The subject of the above sketch is the father of Geo. Homer, Esq., a well known and influential deaf-mute of Boston. Of him it is unnecessary for us to speak; the numerous offices of trust which he has filled among his deaf-mute brethren, and the prominent position which he has held in most if not all of the deaf-mute enterprises for the past ten years, are sufficient evidences of his ability and the estimation in which he is held.

A farmer, who stabbed a deaf and dumb man near Navan, Ireland, has escaped from justice, because neither the prosecutor or any of his family know the deaf and dumb alphabet, and there was no satisfactory mode of obtaining the prosecutor's evidence.—[Boston Post.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—An interesting little deaf mute girl, about two years old, daughter of Capt. Austin Smith, of Chilmark, Mass., fell into a tub of hot water which her mother had left standing on the floor for a few moments, and was dreadfully scalded; medical aid was promptly on hand, and everything possible was done for her, but after lingering fourteen days in great suffering, she expired. Her name was Mary Brown Smith; she was a niece of Mrs. Thomas Brown of West Henniker; she was a bright little girl, and always seemed too pure to remain here long.

The poor house at Sturbridge, Mass., was totally destroyed by fire Thursday night and a deaf and dumb girl perished in the flames. Loss \$1500, no insurance.

MARRIAGES.

April 8th, Mr. Asa W. Allen, of Yantic, Conn., a deaf mute, to Miss ——— Church, daughter of Zalmon A. Church.

The bride's father is a deaf mute, but she herself can hear and speak.

DEATHS.

In Boston, April 29, of consumption, John Brick, a graduate of the American Asylum. In Middleboro', Mass., March 23rd, Mary Hillman, wife of Jacob Tinkham, (formerly Mrs. Burgess) aged 53. Mrs. T. was a deaf mute, as were also both her husbands.

Also, in Middleboro', April 12th, Mrs. Susan Thomas, mother of the above, aged 70. Grief for her daughter's death is supposed to have hastened her end.

Near Warrenton, Va., April 7, Ann S. M. Hart, daughter of John R. Hart, aged 17 years.

This young lady was one of that unfortunate class from whom infinite wisdom is pleased to withhold a part of those senses which contribute so greatly to our earthly enjoyment. While a student at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum she became, about 12 months since, the subject of a painful affliction, from which she never recovered sufficiently to walk a step, and during the whole time had been a great sufferer. She was attacked, a few weeks past, with typhoid fever, under which her enfeebled constitution soon sank.

If it be true, that the most deeply afflicted of earth are the favored of the Lord, then be comforted, mourning parents and fond brothers, for your darling Nannie has assuredly entered that city where there shall be no night, and where God shall wipe all tears from her eyes; and where there shall be no more death—neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain.

No sin, no grief, no pain,
Safe in my happy home,
My fears all fled—my doubts all slain;
My hour of triumph come.
Friends of my mortal years,
The trusted and the tried,
You are walking still in the valley of tears,
But I am at your side.

Do I forget? Oh no
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
'Till they meet and touch again.
Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down, like a river of light,
To the world from which I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the noise of war
And the rage of conflict die?
Then why should your tears roll down,
And your hearts with grief be riven,
For another gem in the Savior's crown,
And another soul in Heaven?

LARGE YELLOW FRENCH PUMPKIN.

A few seeds of this pumpkin were received from the patent office, and the produce was several very large yellow pumpkins, weighing from 77 to 130 lbs. each. I think that in a good season, and with good cultivation, they will weigh near 200 lbs. In quality they are intermediate between the common yellow and the "Sweet" or "Sugar Pumpkin." Plant them wide apart, 12 or 15 feet at least, on warm and very rich soil; one plant will be enough for a hill as they are very great runners; the young sets look yellow as if blasted, I tell you this, or you might pull them off as such.

The best time to water plants, is at sunrise or just before evening, and always use rain water when to be had. If well water must be used it should be exposed to the sun a day or two, until it rises to the temperature of the air before it is applied. Water may be given to the roots at any time; but never should be sprinkled over the leaves in a hot sun.

Plants are more liable to be injured by frost in a moist, than in a dry atmosphere; and immediately after the ground has been worked. When frozen, plants may sometimes be preserved from destruction by a copious watering in the morning, before they are exposed to the sun. In the spring and fall, when frosts are to be expected, please look out for a severe one the first night after the clearing up of a rain storm, with the wind changing to west or northwest.

Insects are troublesome and sometimes very destructive. Plaster of Paris and Snuff, sifted on Large Yellow French Pumpkins, Squashes, Golden early Summer Pumpkins, Cucumbers and others when wet with dew, is very useful against the Striped Bugs.

If any Guide Readers wish for a paper of seeds, they will please send 13 cents in postage stamps to Adolphus Clark, 96 Blackstone St., Boston, Mass.